ECLIPSE COMICS
10th Anniversary
1978 1988
mini-series
$2.00
CANADA
$2.50
№ 6
FINAL ISSUE !!
LOST PLANET

The PENUMBRA

WRITE TO: ECLIPSE COMICS - P.O. BOX 1099 - FORESTVILLE - CALIFORNIA - 95436

ON THE RACKS

- **AIRBOY no. 47** *Part 2 of 4*
  "The Airboy Diary" continues as Misery sets out to destroy New York City!
- **CYBER 7 no. 1**
  New Manga Series!
  The Cyber 7 robots can do anything . . . if you can talk them into it! Intense science fiction spanning the bridge between our earth dimension and the core-reality!
- **FUSION no. 14**
  Writer Christy Marx details the tragic events surrounding Indio and Haven's first encounter during the Gene/Tech wars!
- **THE LAST KISS**
  Classic literary works of Edgar Allen Poe and D. H. Lawrence are adapted by comics artist John Watkiss and presented with some of his own original pieces.
- **DIRTY PAIR no. 4 (of 4)**
  Life and death hang in the balance as the Dirty Pair fight a losing battle in outer space!
- **BROUGHT TO LIGHT**
  Limited Edition
  The critically acclaimed media sensation, *Brought To Light* is now available in a limited hardcover edition.
- **DR. WATCHSTOP/ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE**
  Dr. Watchstop studies physics, archaeology, zoology and space exploration, but sometimes he misses the bigger picture. A graphic novel collection.
- **SCOUT: WAR SHAMAN no. 12**
  Scout and Rosa form an uneasy alliance as they attempt to sabotage Redwire's Canadian suppliers.
- **LOST PLANET no. 6**
  Bo Hampton returns from pencilling *Total Eclipse* to finish the saga of Tyler Flynn's adventures on the Lost Planet!
- **STORMWATCHER no. 1**
  New Series!
  A mighty elf-warrior faces the greatest challenge of all—retirement! Will he take his golden years lying down?
- **APPLESEED: BOOK TWO no. 1**
  Deunan and Briareos return for another sell-out *Appleseed* mini-series! Painted covers for the whole series are by Arthur Adams!
- **THE ART OF JOHN BOLTON**
  Acme Press provides a retrospective on the work of top comics artist John Bolton.

LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT: I don't have enough time to answer all the mail i receive, and i'm not enough of a yuppie to hire somebody to answer it for me, so this is, for what it's worth, a series of quick replies to a number of folks who've written lately with gifts, questions, requests, and words of advice.

To T.E.P.: Thank you very much for the wonderful linen-finish postcards. They're just the kind of thing Dean and i collect, and we're very grateful to you.

To A.T.: I passed your request along to Kingsley, and by now you'll have received the Eclipse Artists' Guidelines. Send another self-addressed stamped envelope if you want the Eclipse Writers' Guidelines too. Good luck.

To S.Z.S. and E.H.: Thanks for the tidal wave of news clippings. Those about comics we send to Michigan State University Library after we've read them.

To B.C.: I'm glad you liked the books. We enjoy your letters and hope you write again whenever you have time.

To All the People Who Have Sent in Fit To Print Logos: Thanks. I have more than i can use. I pick logos to suit the "theme" of each column, and hope to use at least one from each contributor whose logos include both the name of the column and my byline.

To R.G. and M.G.: Thank you for the apple pie. It's delicious!

To T.M.M. aka J.B.: So, when are you gonna get some J.B. stationery?

To J.B.: Keep 'em flyin.'

To R.L.G. and M.W.: Of course we'll see you in San Diego for the Con this summer, but if you travel North before then, do drop in.

To L.G.: I understand your disappointment over the cancelation of *The Dreamery*, but perhaps *Ariane and Bluebeard* by Craig Russell will console you.

To F.B.: Yes, you can come visit our office. Call in advance for directions, and please plan to arrive after three p.m., when we'll have dealt with our daily deadlines and can devote some time to chatting with you.

To A.Z.Y.: E.T. phone home.

To B.J.: Yes, we will be publishing more trading cards. Apparently your store doesn't carry the *Eclipse Extra!*, or you'd have seen the reproduction of Bill Sienkiewicz's Noriega card from the upcoming *Friendly Dictators* set. That deck will be out in April.

To P.L.: We've got your name on file, so your bad checks are not good here. Send cash next time.

To S.D.: No, we still can't reveal the details on that "top secret" fantasy album you've evidently heard about, but this summer, check out our *Peter Pan* graphic albums, adapted by Andy Mangels, Craig Hamilton, and Rick Bryant.

To M.L.L.: We haven't received one of your mini-comics in a long time. Even though we never reply, we all enjoy them and hope you'll send us another, if you're still producing them.

To D.S.: Ditto for you and your poetry. The Valentine's Day card was really the best yet, a classic.

To Everyone Else: Thanks for buying and reading our stuff! You mean a lot to us, even if we don't answer every letter!

catherine yronwode

LOST PLANET™ no. 6, March 1989. Published bi-monthly by Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 1099, Forestville, CA 95436. Letitia Glozer, Editor. Catherine Yronwode, Editor-in-Chief. Dean Mullaney, Publisher. Lost Planet: story and art ©1989 Bo Hampton. "Quarll" story and art ©1989 Bo Hampton. Lost Planet TM Bo Hampton. All other material ©1989 Eclipse Enterprises, Inc. All rights reserved. Film by SM Graphics. For licensing information contact Dean Mullaney.

NIGHTFALL IN THE FOOTHILLS OF MT. ZORRIN...
WHEN I LEFT THIS WAS A THRIVING AGRARIAN COMMUNITY.
YOU MEAN... THIS HAPPENED IN ONLY EIGHT YEARS?...
I KNOW, FLYNN. THE LAND...THE LAND ITSELF LOOKS DISEASED.
SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG...
THERE'S A VILLAGE AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN... WE MAY AS WELL GET STARTED.
MAYBE WE'LL FIND SOME HELP THERE.
AGAINST ZORRIN?...
"SOMEHOW I DOUBT IT."

GO ON, GRUNT, CRIPPLE HIM!!
CHARMING.
YOU SURE THIS IS A GOOD IDEA, AMBROSE?
WHAT OF IT, SCAB?! I'LL BREAK YOUR FACE!!
--HOWIE HOO!! HAW! HAW!!
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, BUT I COULD USE A DRINK... A STIFF ONE!
2

My SOUL to TAKE...

Part 6

Lost Planet

Story and Art Bo Hampton / Coloring Tom Littlejohn / Lettering Tracy Hampton / Editing Letitia Glazer

WHAT'LL IT BE, GENTS... ALE ALL 'ROUND?
VERY GOOD, SIR.
NONE FOR ME... I'D LIKE TO KEEP A CLEAR HEAD. WATER WILL BE FINE

THANK YOU, SIR!
YOU CAN EARN IT, GIRL...
...ANSWER A QUESTION...
GUK!

WHAT'S HAPPENED ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN? WHERE ARE--?
COR! YOU MEAN THE FARMERS?? THEY LEFT YEARS AGO...

...SOMETHIN' ABOUT THE LAND ITSELF. THEY SAID IT WEREN'T FIT FOR TILLIN' NO MORE
OBVIOUSLY... HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

COULDN'T SAY, SIR. WE DON'T MUCH WORRY 'BOUT THAT SORTA THING 'ROUND HERE.
I SEE.

I DID NOT..
AND HE SAID...
?
...THE FIRST COW AND LEFT THE MILK TO ROT.
WHAT?
...SERIOUS.

3

HOW HORRIBLE!!
...THIS IS VERY BAD. ZORRIN'S POWER MUST BE SPREADING TO THE LANDS AND PEOPLE AROUND THE CASTLE. SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE "WELL OF MANDERAK," I GUESS.
HOW DO THEY EAT IF THEY CAN'T GROW ANY FOOD?
COULD BE THEY HAVE ACCESS TO THE SAME SUPPLIER ZORRIN USES...
...OR MAYBE THEY SUBSIST ON BARBECUED RODENTS, I DON'T KNOW.
YOUR "WATER," SIR...
JUST A SECOND, TYLER...
HMMM... TIME'S WASTING! I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE TIME TO FINISH OUR DRINKS AFTER ALL...
UH... YEAH...
Y'KNOW, I'M REALLY NOT THAT THIRSTY ANYWAY... GULP!
4

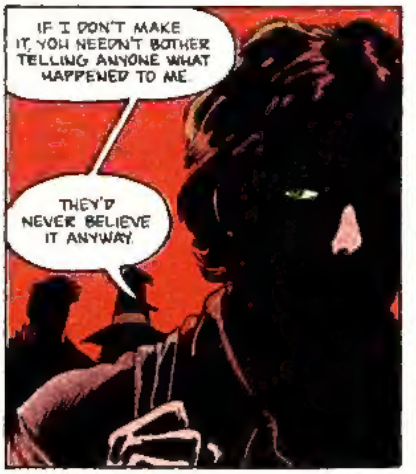
THE GIRL IS STILL TOO SPIRITED... I MUST LOWER HER RESISTANCE. HMM... PERHAPS I'LL *SMASH* HER SOMETHING!
:OOM!: :OOM!: :EEEP!:
:EEEP!:
MAX?
6

ALL RIGHT... WE ALL KNOW WHAT TO DO. IF WE SURVIVE, WE'LL MEET BACK HERE IN ONE HOUR.
I'VE BURIED THE GEMS BENEATH THIS ROCK...

...SO WHOEVER MAKES IT CAN TAKE THEM AND TRY TO GET BACK TO EARTH ...WHOEVER DOESN'T MAKE IT WON'T NEED THEM... YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS AT MIDNIGHT...

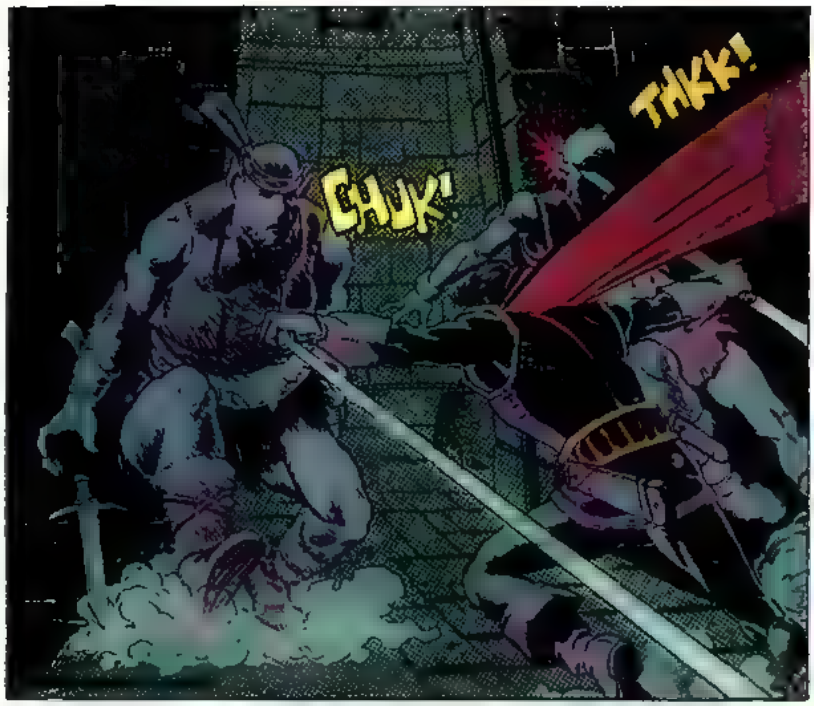
...SYNCHRONIZE WATCHES. IT'S EXACTLY 11:00... NOW!
GOT IT.

YOU FIRST, AMELIA. GOOD LUCK.
DON'T WORRY. WE'LL MAKE IT.


IF I DON'T MAKE IT, YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER TELLING ANYONE WHAT HAPPENED TO ME.
THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE IT ANYWAY.

WELL, BREAK A LEG, TROOPS!
SAME TO YOU, AMBROSE!
THOK
THIS SHOULD LEAD ME TO THE DOCTOR'S QUARTERS...
I'M IN LUCK. DOOR'S UNLOCKED...
...AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE DOCTOR'S ASLEEP.
Z-Z-Z
THE LOTUS-DRINKERS ARE SOUND SLEEPERS. SO FAR, SO GOOD!
CCREEE
TOO BAD OLD DOC BRAM DIED... I COULD HAVE USED HIS HELP.
HEY, THIS GUY'S ROBES MAY EVEN FIT DECENTLY...
I'M SO LUCKY I HARDLY RECOGNIZE MYSELF.
IT'LL NEVER LAST.
7

CAPTAIN ROLFF! ::HLP::
OPEN THE DOOR
CLOSE IT.
ROMNEY... IT'S ME!
TYLER ..?
MAX IS DEAD, TYLER.
HUH? HE CAN'T BE!!
ZORIN GOT TO HIM SOMEHOW.
I'M SO TIRED...
YOU NEED THIS. IT'S THE LAST OF THE LOTUS ANTIDOTE!
CAPTAIN!?
UH...
SMASH
YOU'RE NOT THE CAPTAIN!


CHUK!
THKK!

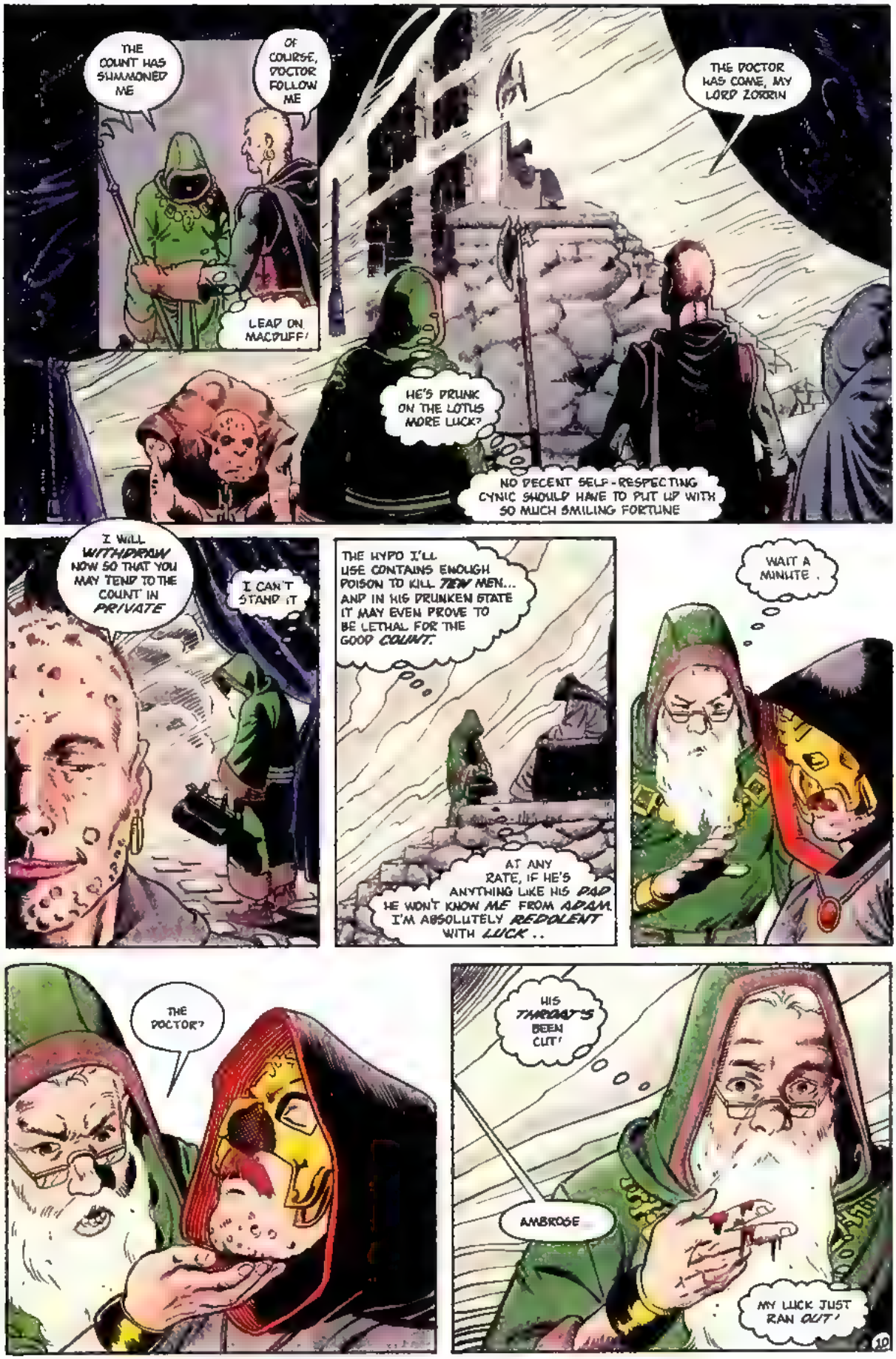
ROMNEY--COME ON!! I KNOW YOU CAN'T THINK CLEARLY BUT TRY! YOU'RE ROMNEY RIPKIND!

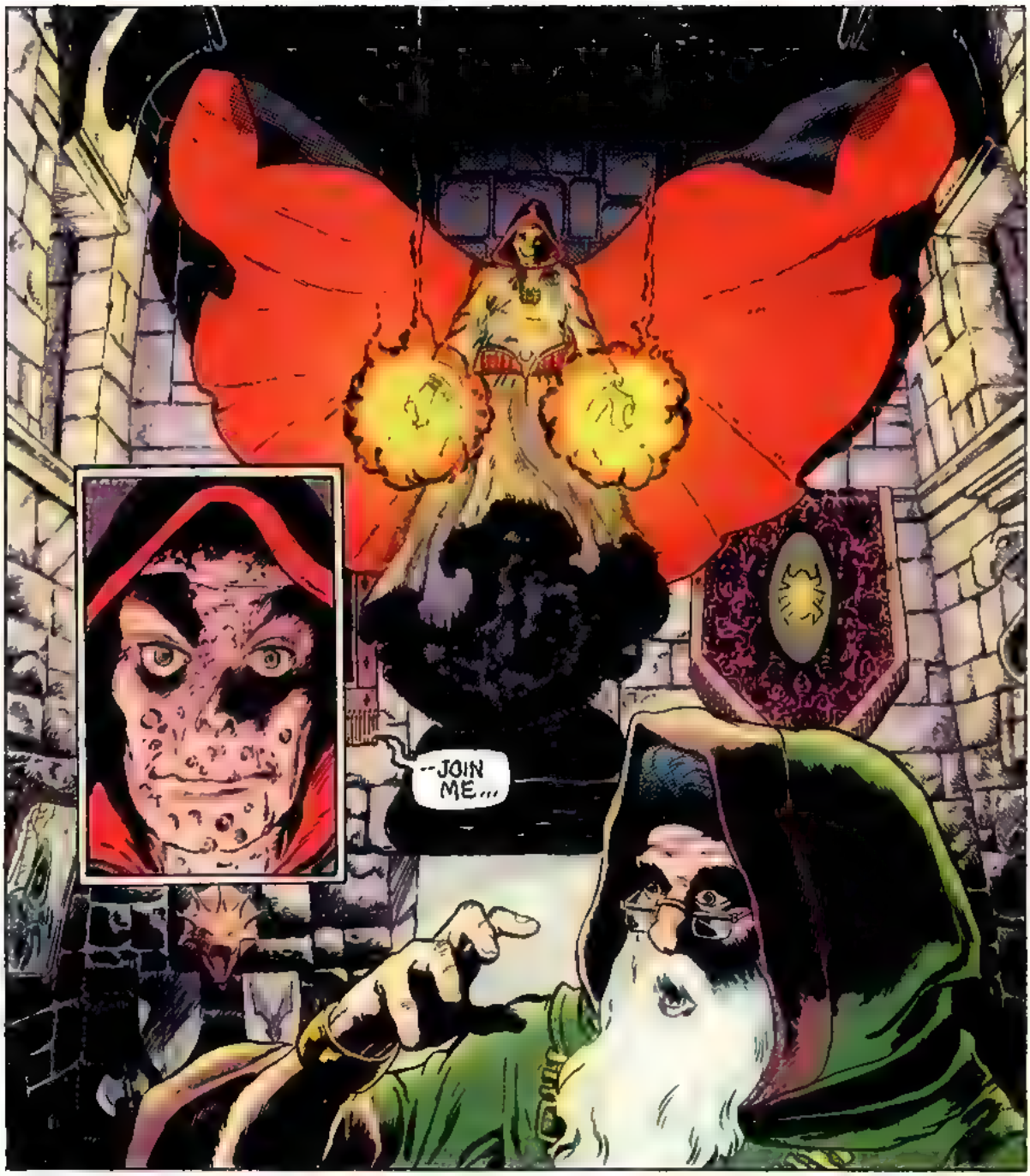
YOU DON'T BELONG HERE--YOU'RE FROM EARTH LIKE ME, REMEMBER?
CARL SENT US TO HELP YOU!! REMEMBER CARL??

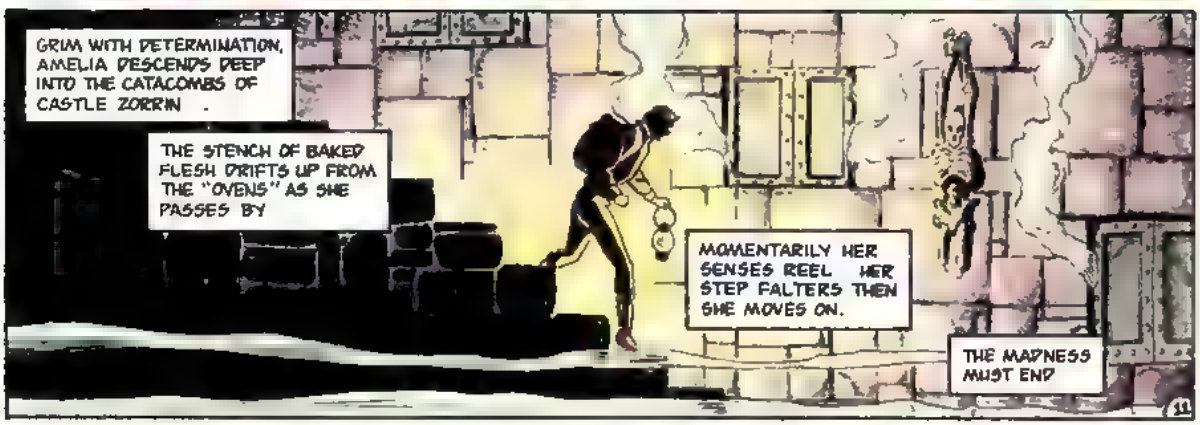
YOU'LL TAKE ME TO CARL?
YEAH! OF COURSE!!

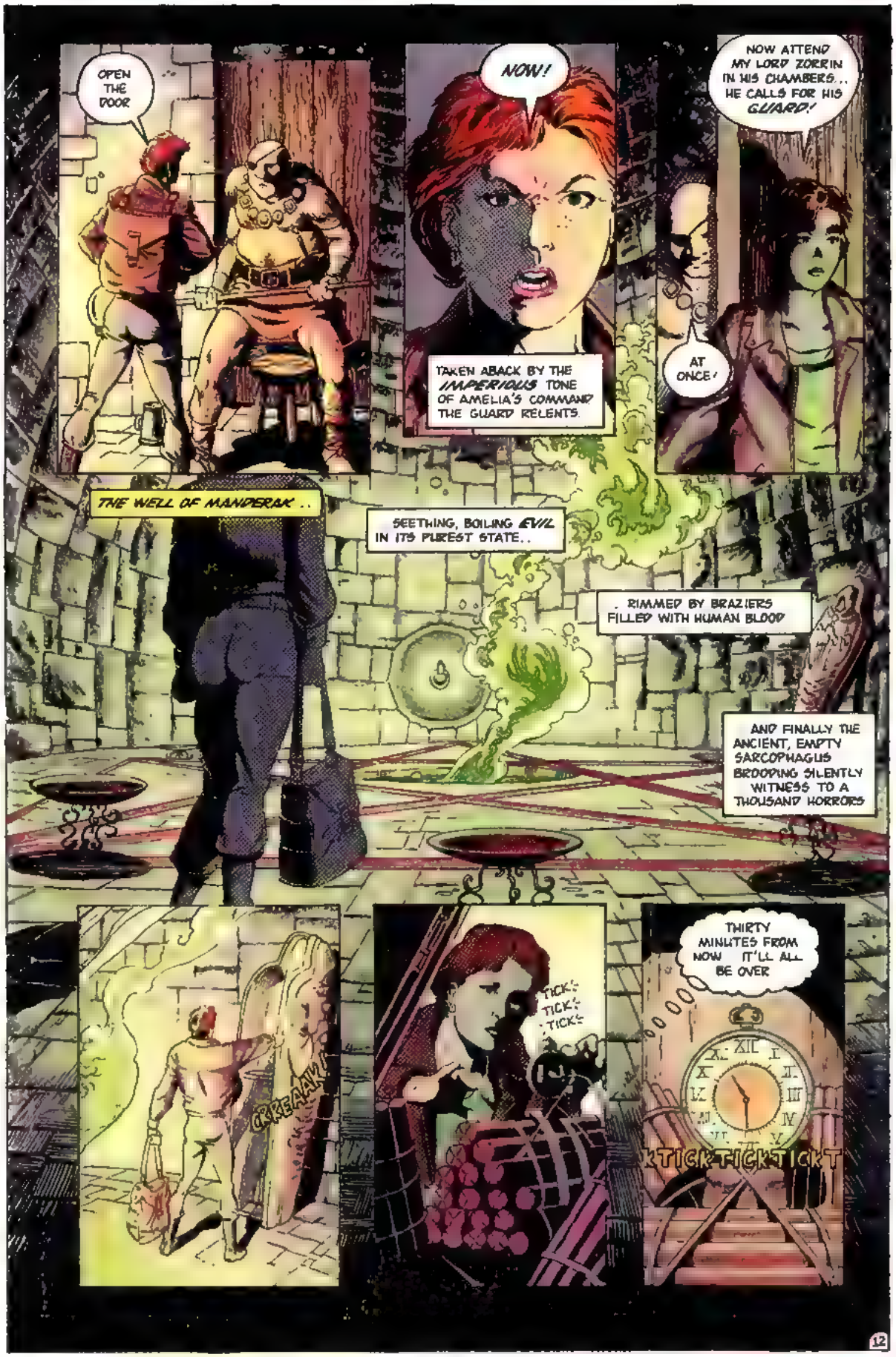
HOW COME ON!

IS SHE IMPROVING? SHE DID GET HALF THE ANTIDOTE DOWN BEFORE I BUMPED HER
MAYBE ZORRIN'S CONTROL IS WEAKENING AS HE SEARCHES FOR US
HE'LL PAY FOR WHATEVER HE'S DONE TO YOU, ROMNEY --IN SPADES!


THE COUNT HAS SUMMONED ME
OF COURSE, DOCTOR FOLLOW ME
LEAD ON MACDUFF!
THE DOCTOR HAS COME, MY LORD ZORRIN
HE'S DRUNK ON THE LOTUS MORE LUCK?
NO DECENT SELF-RESPECTING CYNIC SHOULD HAVE TO PUT UP WITH SO MUCH SMILING FORTUNE
I WILL WITHDRAW NOW SO THAT YOU MAY TEND TO THE COUNT IN PRIVATE
I CAN'T STAND IT
THE HYPO I'LL USE CONTAINS ENOUGH POISON TO KILL TEN MEN... AND IN HIS DRUNKEN STATE IT MAY EVEN PROVE TO BE LETHAL FOR THE GOOD COUNT.
AT ANY RATE, IF HE'S ANYTHING LIKE HIS DAD HE WON'T KNOW ME FROM ADAM. I'M ABSOLUTELY REDOLENT WITH LUCK..
WAIT A MINUTE.
THE DOCTOR?
HIS THROAT'S BEEN CUT!
AMBROSE
MY LUCK JUST RAN OUT!


--JOIN ME...

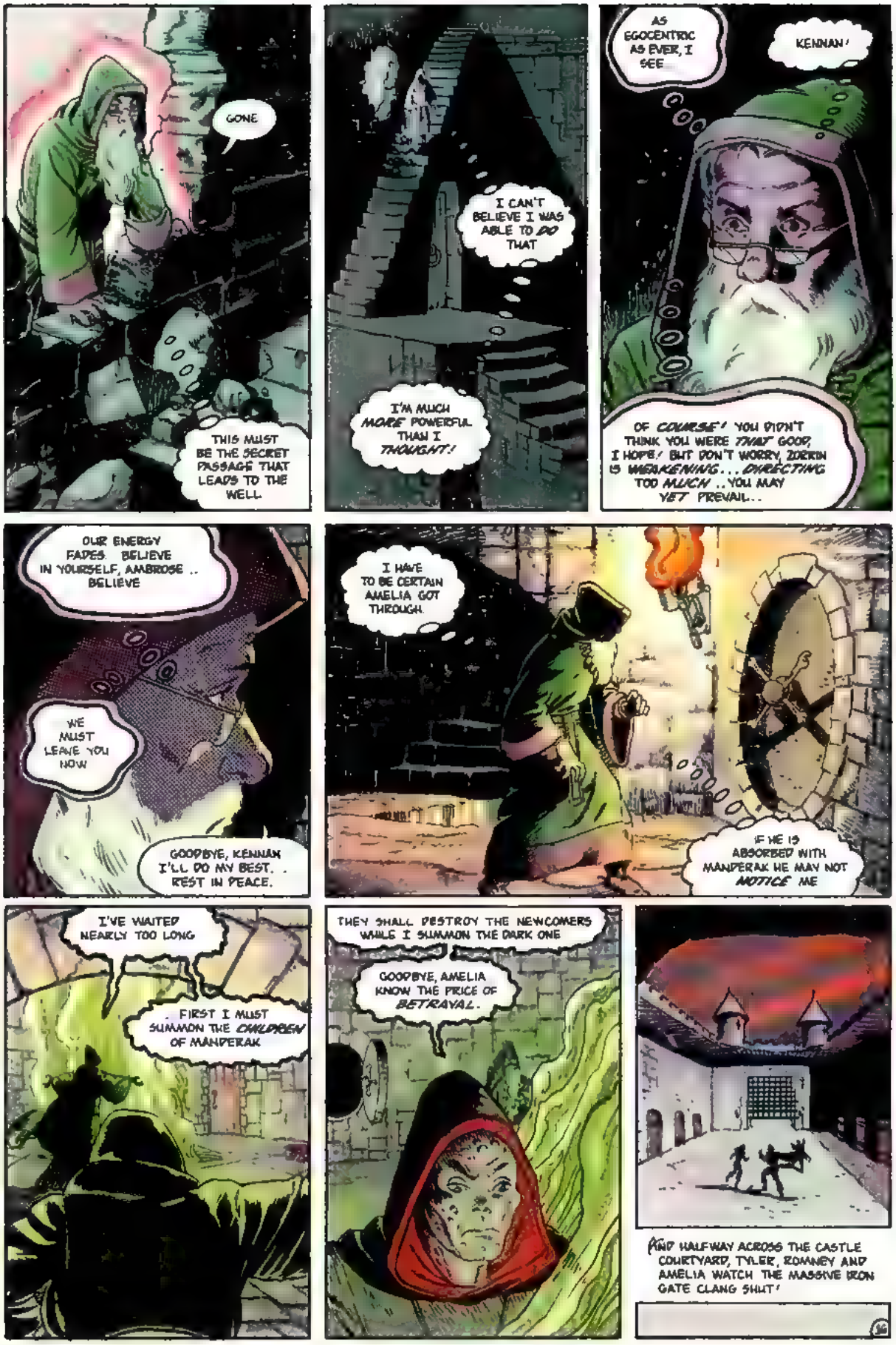

GRIM WITH DETERMINATION, AMELIA DESCENDS DEEP INTO THE CATACOMBS OF CASTLE ZORRIN .
THE STENCH OF BAKED FLESH DRIFTS UP FROM THE "OVENS" AS SHE PASSES BY
MOMENTARILY HER SENSES REEL HER STEP FALTERS THEN SHE MOVES ON.
THE MADNESS MUST END


OPEN THE DOOR
NOW!
NOW ATTEND MY LORD ZORRIN IN HIS CHAMBERS... HE CALLS FOR HIS GUARD!
TAKEN ABACK BY THE IMPERIOUS TONE OF AMELIA'S COMMAND THE GUARD RELENTS.
AT ONCE!
THE WELL OF MANDERAK..
SEETHING, BOILING EVIL IN ITS PUREST STATE..
..RIMMED BY BRAZIERS FILLED WITH HUMAN BLOOD
AND FINALLY THE ANCIENT, EMPTY SARCOPHAGUS BROODING SILENTLY WITNESS TO A THOUSAND HORRORS
CREAAK!
TICK-TICK-TICK-
THIRTY MINUTES FROM NOW IT'LL ALL BE OVER
KTICKTICKTICKT

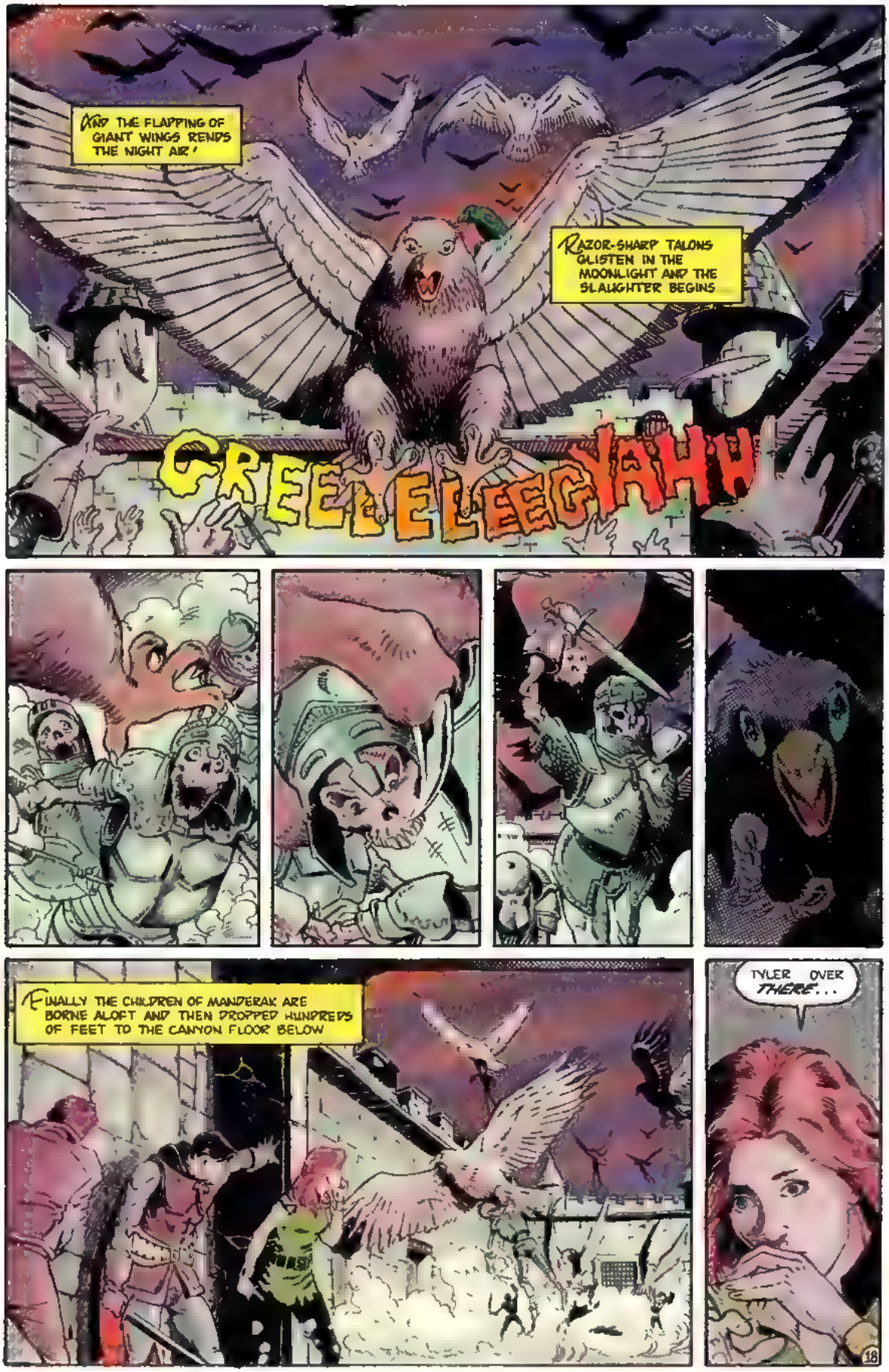
...HAVE TO LET DOWN SHIELD IN ORDER TO GO ON THE OFFENSIVE .. OR I'M A GONER!
ZORRIN HAS AMBROSE PINNED. .HAVE TO DISTRACT HIM .
GET DOWN, ROMNEY! STAY OUT OF SIGHT!!
HERE GOES
COUNT ZORRIN! THE GIRL...ROMNEY. SHE'S ESCAPED!!
WHAT??
GOOD BOY, FLYNN!
WOOOH
TYLER...PSST! TYLER!
AMELIA! THE OLD LIBRARY ROOM YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE US THERE!

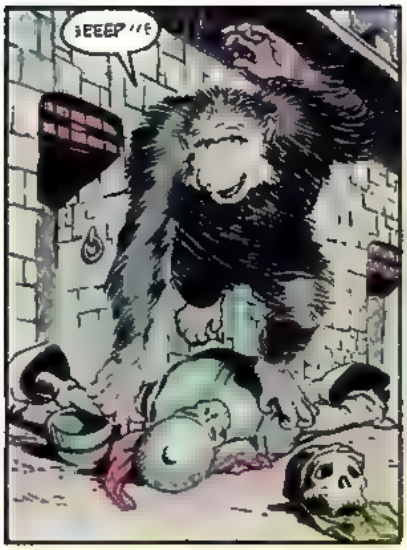
UNDER THE QUEEN'S PROTECTION THE THREE ADVENTURERS MOUNT THE STAIRS TO THE HAUNTED LIBRARY
KENNAN! COME FORTH!! THE BATTLE FOR THIS PLANET IS BEING FOUGHT NOW... WITHIN THESE WALLS!!
THEY'RE IN THE THRONE ROOM, OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT! KENNAN! COME ON!!
YOU GOT AMBROSE INTO THIS! THIS IS YOUR WORLD NOT HIS!!
I DON'T CARE IF YOU HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR 300 YEARS, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US!! WE CAN'T DO IT ALONE!
GO, FLYNN
THERE ARE SOULS WHO LINGER HERE STILL.. WE WILL TRY TO INFUSE AMBROSE WITH WHAT ENERGY WE HAVE LEFT BUT YOU MUST LEAVE THIS PLACE LEAVE THIS WORLD.
THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO, FLYNN WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE! IT'S QUARTER 'TIL MIDNIGHT
RIGHT. MY SWORD CAN'T DO HIM ANY GOOD NOW.
GOOD LUCK OLD MAN!
AND WITHIN THE WALLS OF CASTLE ZORRIN, THE FAINT WHISPERS OF THE DAMNED BEGIN

THE FAINT ECHOES OF SOULS LOST IN AGONIZED TORMENT RISE WITHIN THE ANCIENT WALLS OF CASTLE ZORRIN
THEY RISE AND CO-MINGLE VOICES CRYING NOW IN UNISON
THE DEAD ARE SCREAMING
SEARCHING FOR THE ONE OUTLET...
THE CONDUIT THAT WILL RELEASE THEIR PENT-UP ENERGIES.
AT LAST THAT OUTLET IS FOUND!..
HUH?
NO!
AND THAT SCREAM BECOMES A POUNDING WAVE OF VENGEANCE!
ZZRRAACCK!

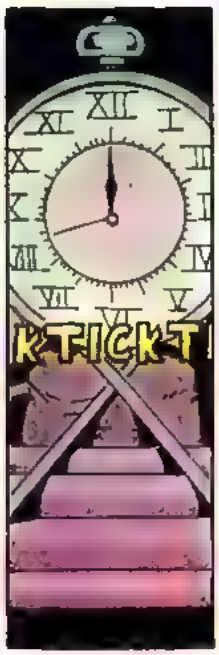

GONE
THIS MUST BE THE SECRET PASSAGE THAT LEADS TO THE WELL.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I WAS ABLE TO DO THAT
I'M MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN I THOUGHT!
AS EGOCENTRIC AS EVER, I SEE
KENNAN!
OF COURSE! YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE THAT GOOD, I HOPE! BUT DON'T WORRY, ZORKIN IS WEAKENING... DIRECTING TOO MUCH.. YOU MAY YET PREVAIL..
OUR ENERGY FADES. BELIEVE IN YOURSELF, AMBROSE .. BELIEVE
WE MUST LEAVE YOU NOW
GOODBYE, KENNAN I'LL DO MY BEST. . REST IN PEACE.
I HAVE TO BE CERTAIN AMELIA GOT THROUGH.
IF HE IS ABSORBED WITH MANDERAK HE MAY NOT NOTICE ME
I'VE WAITED NEARLY TOO LONG
. FIRST I MUST SUMMON THE CHILDREN OF MANDERAK
THEY SHALL DESTROY THE NEWCOMERS WHILE I SUMMON THE DARK ONE
GOODBYE, AMELIA KNOW THE PRICE OF BETRAYAL.
AND HALFWAY ACROSS THE CASTLE COURTYARD, TYLER, ROMNEY AND AMELIA WATCH THE MASSIVE IRON GATE CLANG SHUT!

THE DOORS LIFT. . AND FROM WITHIN THE COURTYARD WALLS CREATURES STIR... THE ARMIES OF THE DAMNED..
THEY ARE ZORRIN'S FIERCEST WARRIORS... MADMEN WHO SHOULD HAVE DIED LONG AGO. KEPT ALIVE ONLY BY THE WILL OF MANDERAK.
THEY CAN ONLY BE USED ONCE...
FOR WHEN THEY HAVE DESTROYED THEIR ENEMIES, THEY WILL KILL EACH OTHER...
... RATHER THAN RETURN TO THE LIVING DEATH WITHIN THE WALLS OF CASTLE ZORRIN
GRINNING HORRORS FLAIL WILDLY AT THE TRIO. THE FINAL SECONDS OF LIFE TICK BY.
CHUNK
THEN AS IF IN ANSWER TO A PRAYER THAT NO ONE HAD TIME TO SEND...
.. A GIANT SHADOW FALLS
ALL EYES TURN SKYWARD .


AND THE FLAPPING OF GIANT WINGS RENDS THE NIGHT AIR!
RAZOR-SHARP TALONS GLISTEN IN THE MOONLIGHT AND THE SLAUGHTER BEGINS
CREELEEGYAHH
FINALLY THE CHILDREN OF MANDERAK ARE BORNE ALOFT AND THEN DROPPED HUNDREDS OF FEET TO THE CANNON FLOOR BELOW
TYLER OVER THERE...

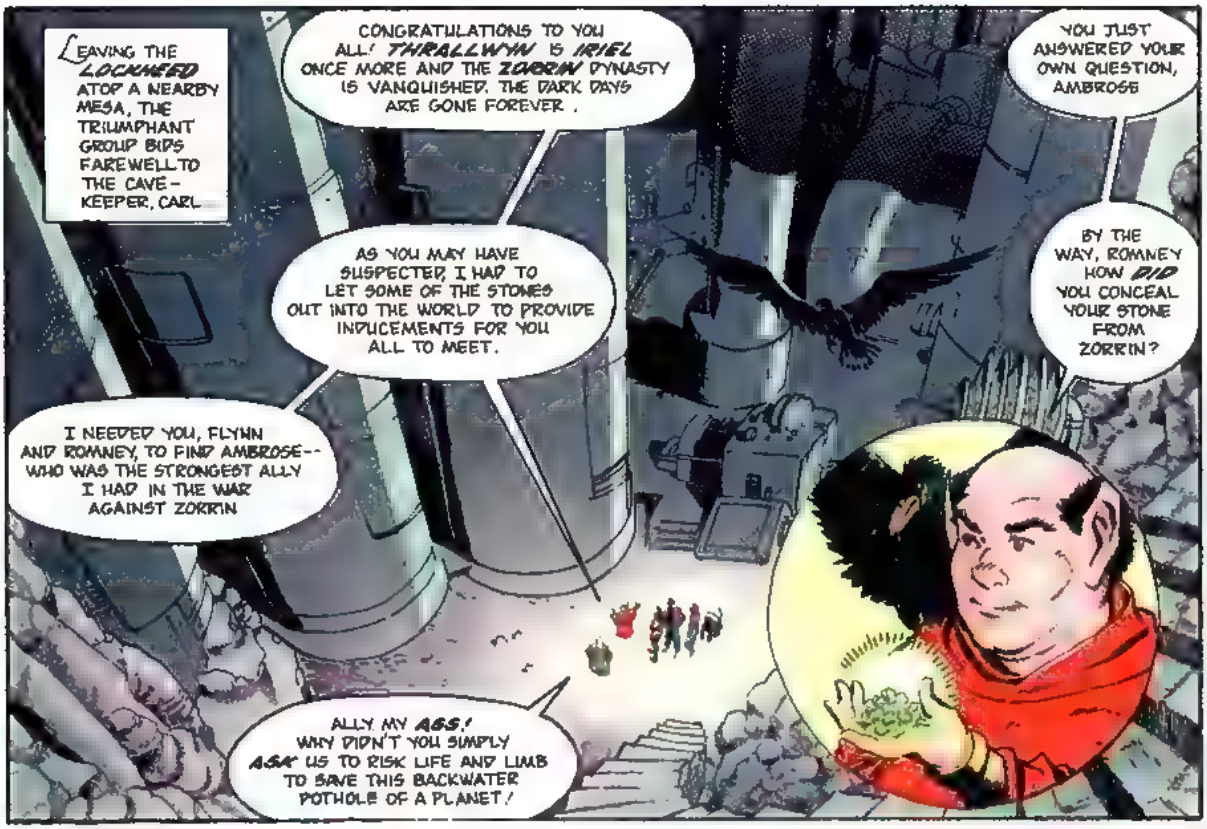


...AND IN THE MIDST OF *DEATH* ROMNEY REMEMBERS THE VALUE OF *LIFE*...



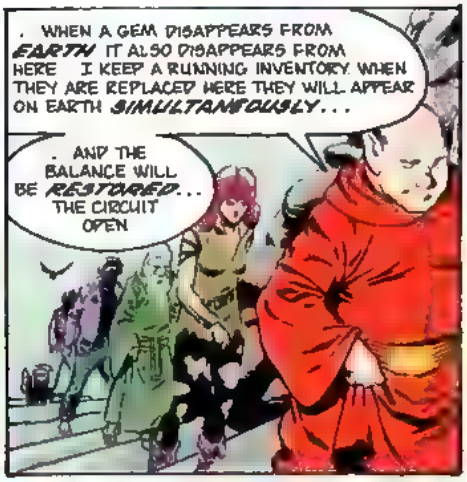
TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK-TICK
LOOK! IT'S AMBROSE! THEY GOT HIM!!
EVERYBODY-- GET DOWN!
TICK

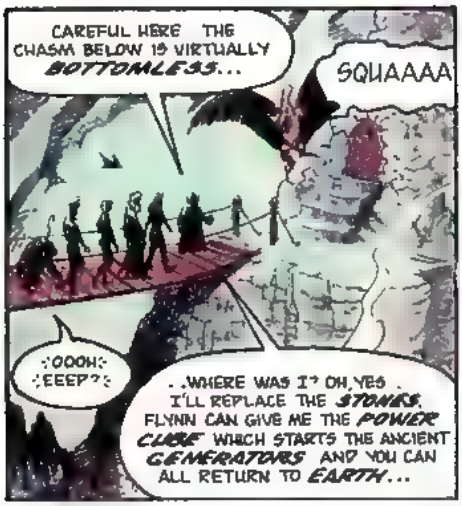
WE COULDN'T LEAVE THIS OLD STRAGGLER BEHIND!
AMBROSE!
YOU DID IT, AMBROSE!
WE ALL DID IT, AMELIA!
YOU SURE BELIEVE IN CUTTIN' IT CLOSE, OLD-TIMER!
IS ROMNEY ALL RI--?
GIVE ME MY STUFF, MAX!
NO!! NOT UPSIDE DOWN!
M-MOTHER'S AMULET!
THAT'S LIKE THE ONE DIMINY GAVE ME FOR SAVING HER DAUGHTER!
ROMNEY LOOKS AT AMBROSE FOR THE FIRST TIME
HER MOTHER SAID "FIND" AMBROSE" BUT NOT FOR REVENGE... SHE KNEW ONLY ME COULD BE ROMNEY'S SALVATION!
SOMEHOW IT WAS ALWAYS SO HARD TO HATE THIS MAN
NOW SHE KNOWS WHY
FATHER"
I'LL BE DAMNED! SMALL WORLDS, HUH?
:SNIF: :EEEEP!: :EEEEP!:


LEAVING THE LOCKMEED ATOP A NEARBY MESA, THE TRIUMPHANT GROUP BIDS FAREWELL TO THE CAVE-KEEPER, CARL
CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU ALL! THRALLWYN IS RIEL ONCE MORE AND THE ZORRIN DYNASTY IS VANQUISHED. THE DARK DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER.
YOU JUST ANSWERED YOUR OWN QUESTION, AMBROSE
AS YOU MAY HAVE SUSPECTED, I HAD TO LET SOME OF THE STONES OUT INTO THE WORLD TO PROVIDE INDUCEMENTS FOR YOU ALL TO MEET.
BY THE WAY, ROMNEY HOW DID YOU CONCEAL YOUR STONE FROM ZORRIN?
I NEEDED YOU, FLYNN AND ROMNEY, TO FIND AMBROSE-- WHO WAS THE STRONGEST ALLY I HAD IN THE WAR AGAINST ZORRIN
ALLY MY ASS! WHY DIDN'T YOU SIMPLY ASK US TO RISK LIFE AND LIMB TO SAVE THIS BACKWATER POTHOLE OF A PLANET!

I SWALLOWED IT!
..SEVERAL TIMES, ACTUALLY! IT KEPT COMING BACK UP ANYWAY, HERE IT IS, UNCLE CARL. I CLEANED IT UP FOR YOU

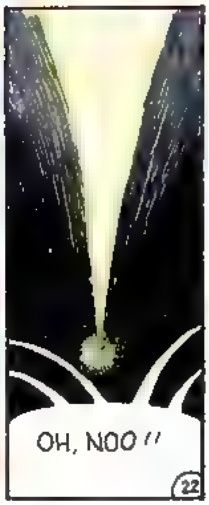
:AHEM: YES I SEE
..AT ANY RATE, AS YOU KNOW

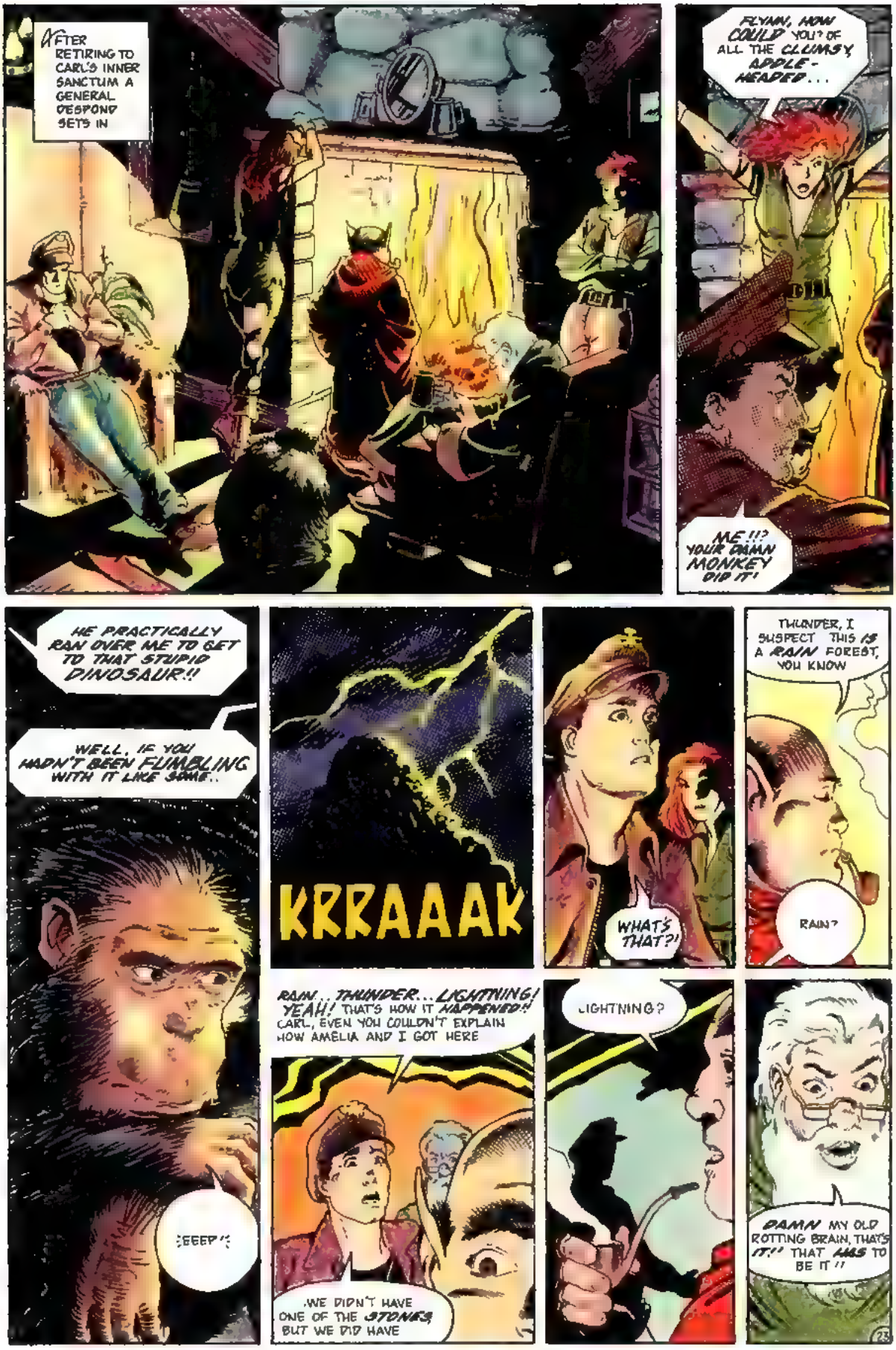

. WHEN A GEM DISAPPEARS FROM EARTH IT ALSO DISAPPEARS FROM HERE. I KEEP A RUNNING INVENTORY. WHEN THEY ARE REPLACED HERE THEY WILL APPEAR ON EARTH SIMULTANEOUSLY...
. AND THE BALANCE WILL BE RESTORED... THE CIRCUIT OPEN

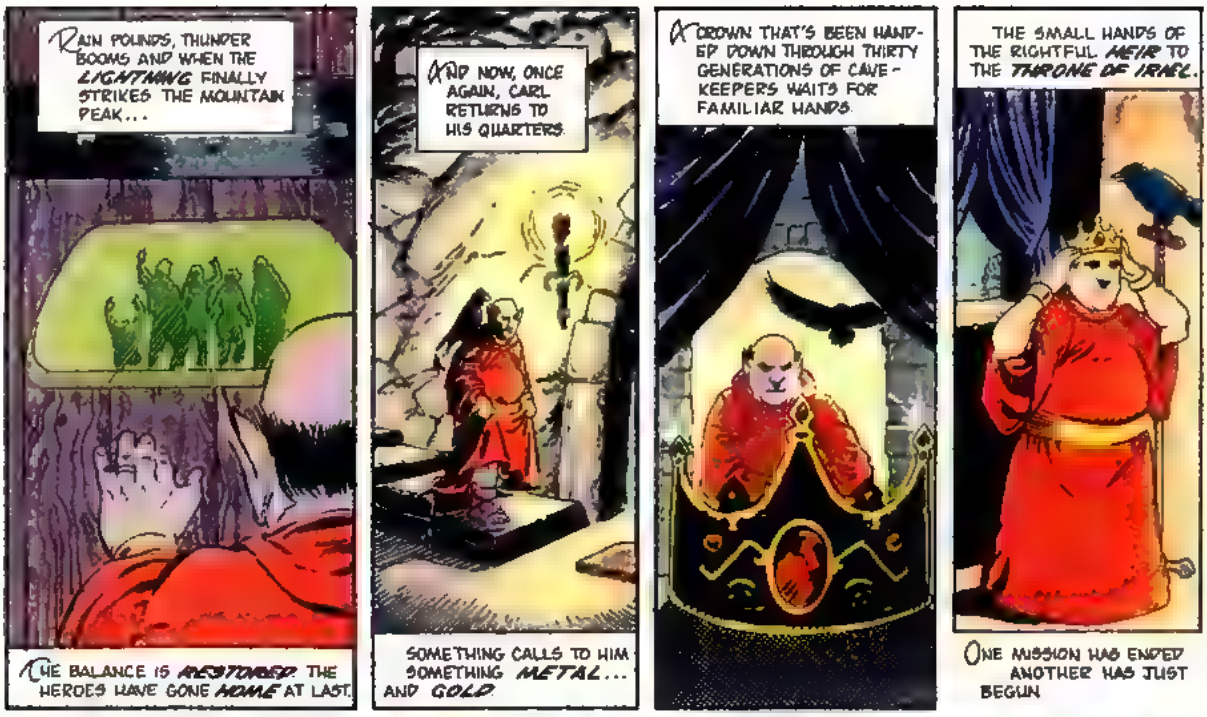

CAREFUL HERE. THE CHASM BELOW IS VIRTUALLY BOTTOMLESS...
SQUAAAA
:OOOH: :EEEP?:
..WHERE WAS I? OH, YES. I'LL REPLACE THE STONES. FLYNN CAN GIVE ME THE POWER CURE WHICH STARTS THE ANCIENT GENERATORS AND YOU CAN ALL RETURN TO EARTH...

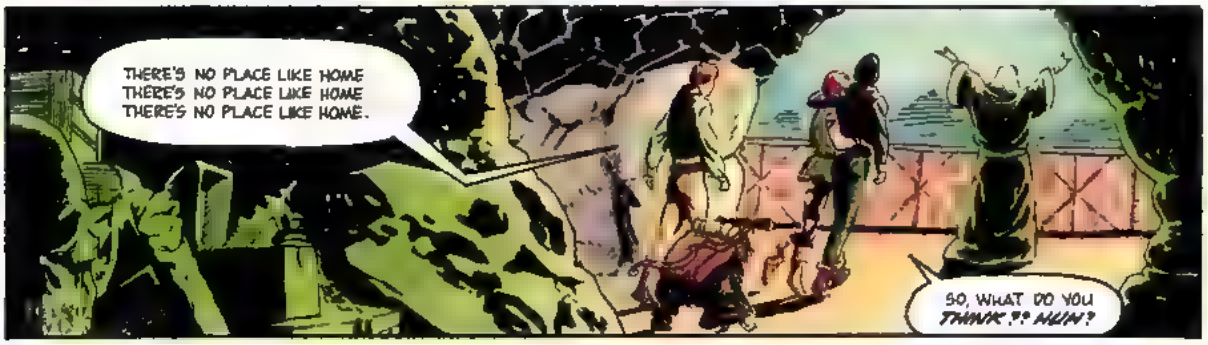
:OOH :OOH:
GOT IT RIGHT HERE
DON'T WORRY, MAX, YOU CAN PLAY WITH GERTIE

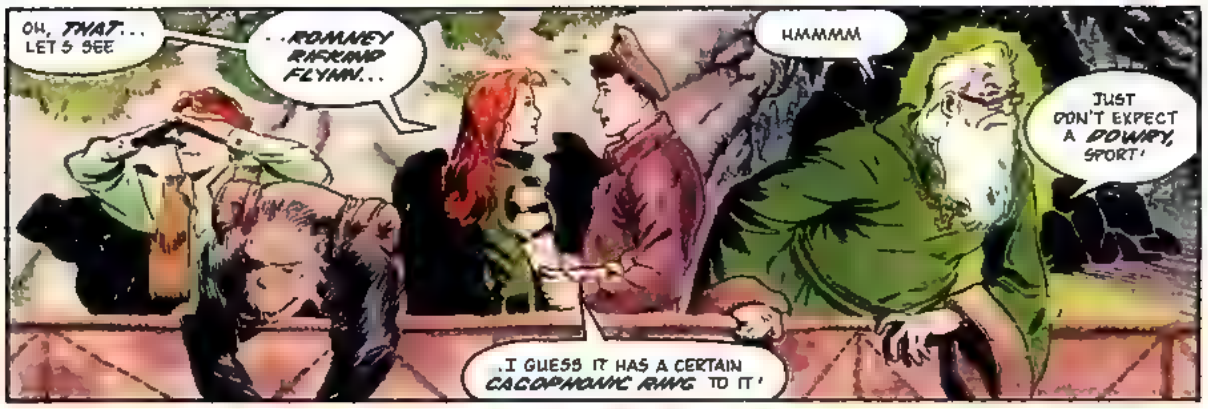
HEY!!
THUMP
.EEEP:


OH, NOO!!
22

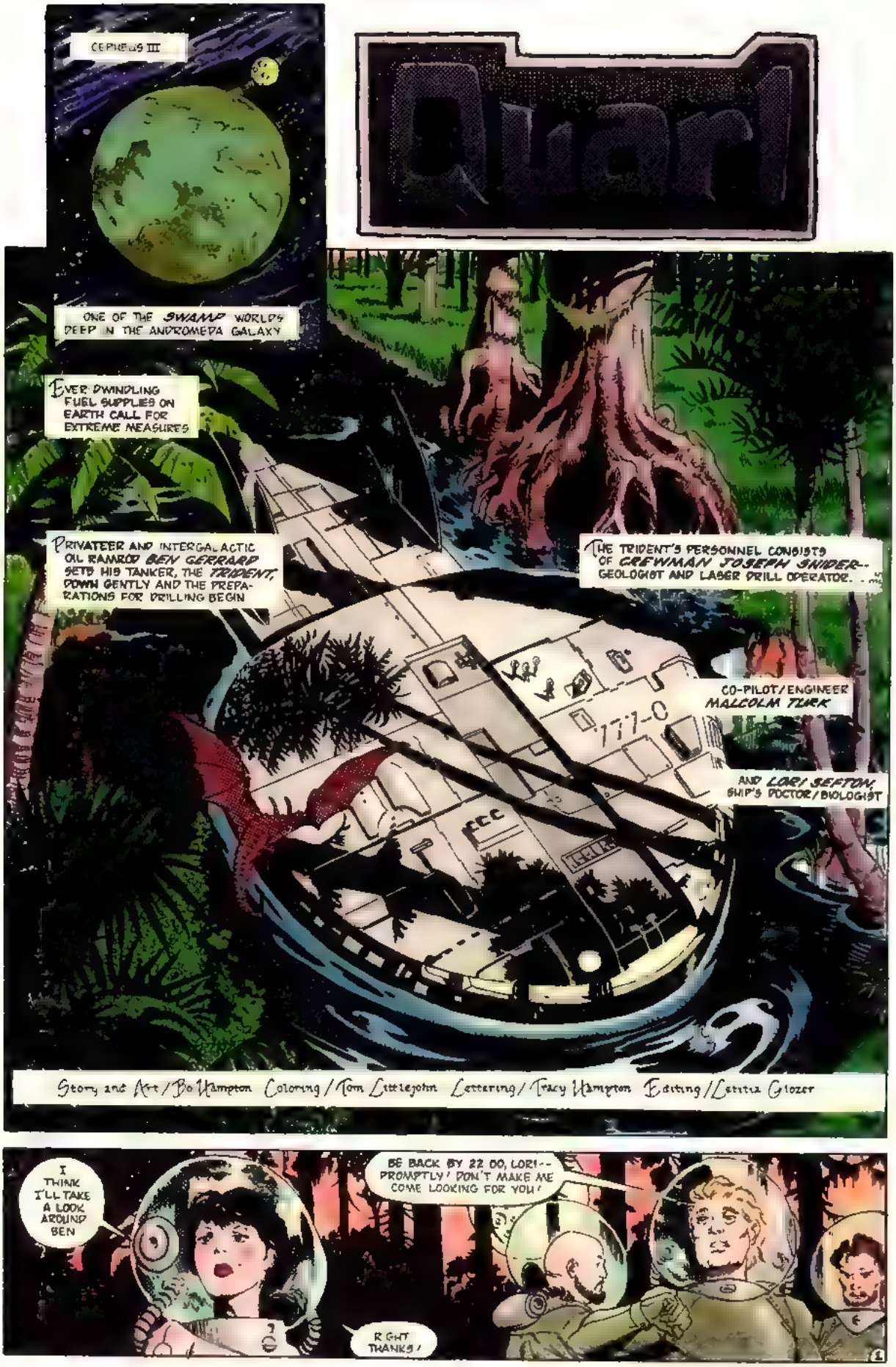

AFTER RETIRING TO CARL'S INNER SANCTUM A GENERAL DESPOND SETS IN
FLYNN, HOW COULD YOU? OF ALL THE CLUMSY, APPLE-HEADED...
ME!!? YOUR DAMN MONKEY DID IT!
HE PRACTICALLY RAN OVER ME TO GET TO THAT STUPID DINOSAUR!!
WELL, IF YOU HADN'T BEEN FUMBLING WITH IT LIKE SOME..
EEEP!
KRRAAAK
WHAT'S THAT?!
THUNDER, I SUSPECT THIS IS A RAIN FOREST, YOU KNOW
RAIN?
RAIN... THUNDER... LIGHTNING! YEAH! THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED!! CARL, EVEN YOU COULDN'T EXPLAIN HOW AMELIA AND I GOT HERE
WE DIDN'T HAVE ONE OF THE STONES, BUT WE DID HAVE
LIGHTNING?
DAMN MY OLD ROTTING BRAIN, THAT'S IT!" THAT AMS TO BE IT!!
23

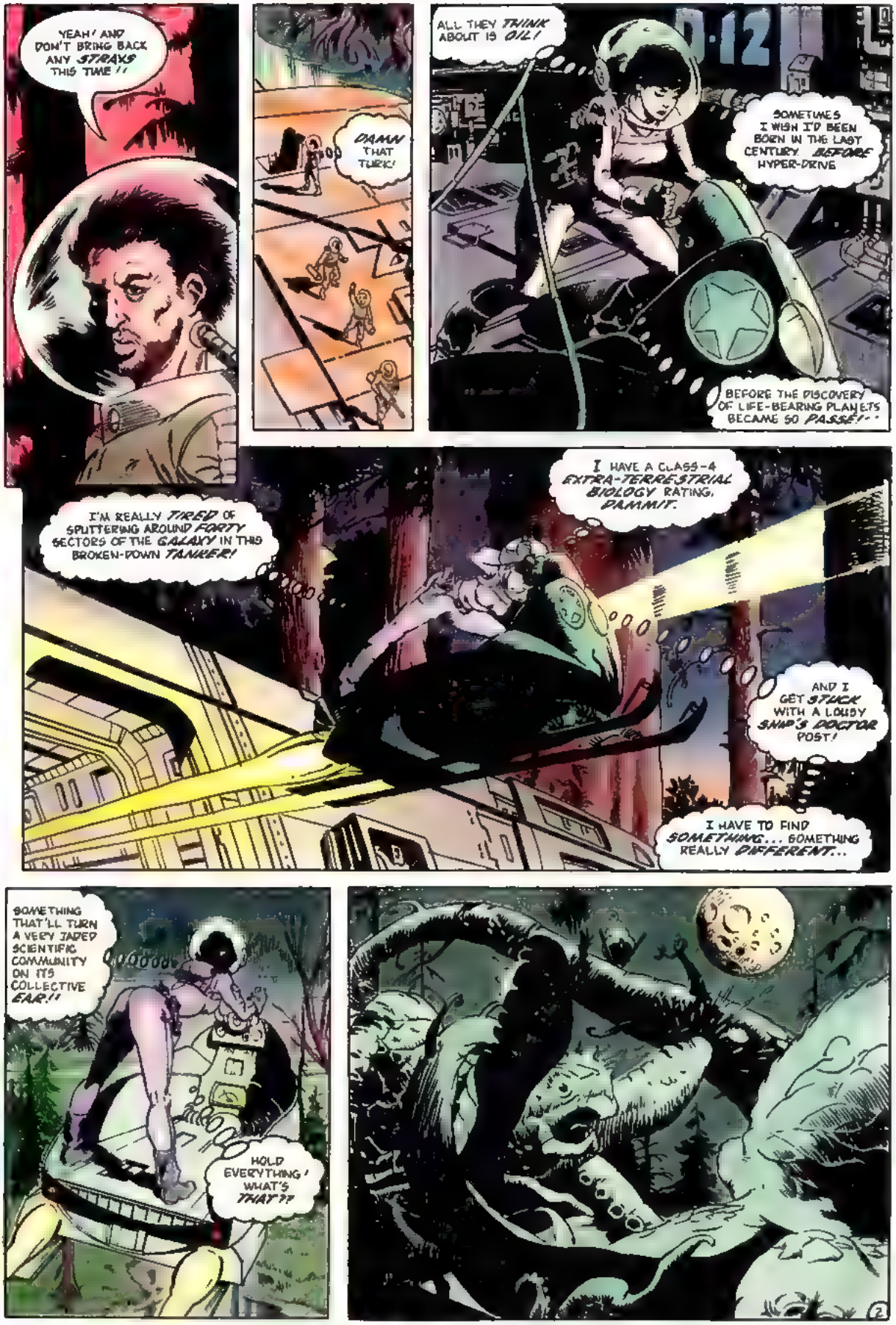

RAIN POUNDS, THUNDER BOOMS AND WHEN THE LIGHTNING FINALLY STRIKES THE MOUNTAIN PEAK...
THE BALANCE IS RESTORED! THE HEROES HAVE GONE HOME AT LAST.
AND NOW, ONCE AGAIN, CARL RETURNS TO HIS QUARTERS.
SOMETHING CALLS TO HIM SOMETHING METAL... AND GOLD.
A CROWN THAT'S BEEN HANDED DOWN THROUGH THIRTY GENERATIONS OF CAVE-KEEPERS WAITS FOR FAMILIAR HANDS.
THE SMALL HANDS OF THE RIGHTFUL HEIR TO THE THRONE OF ISRAEL.
ONE MISSION HAS ENDED ANOTHER HAS JUST BEGUN

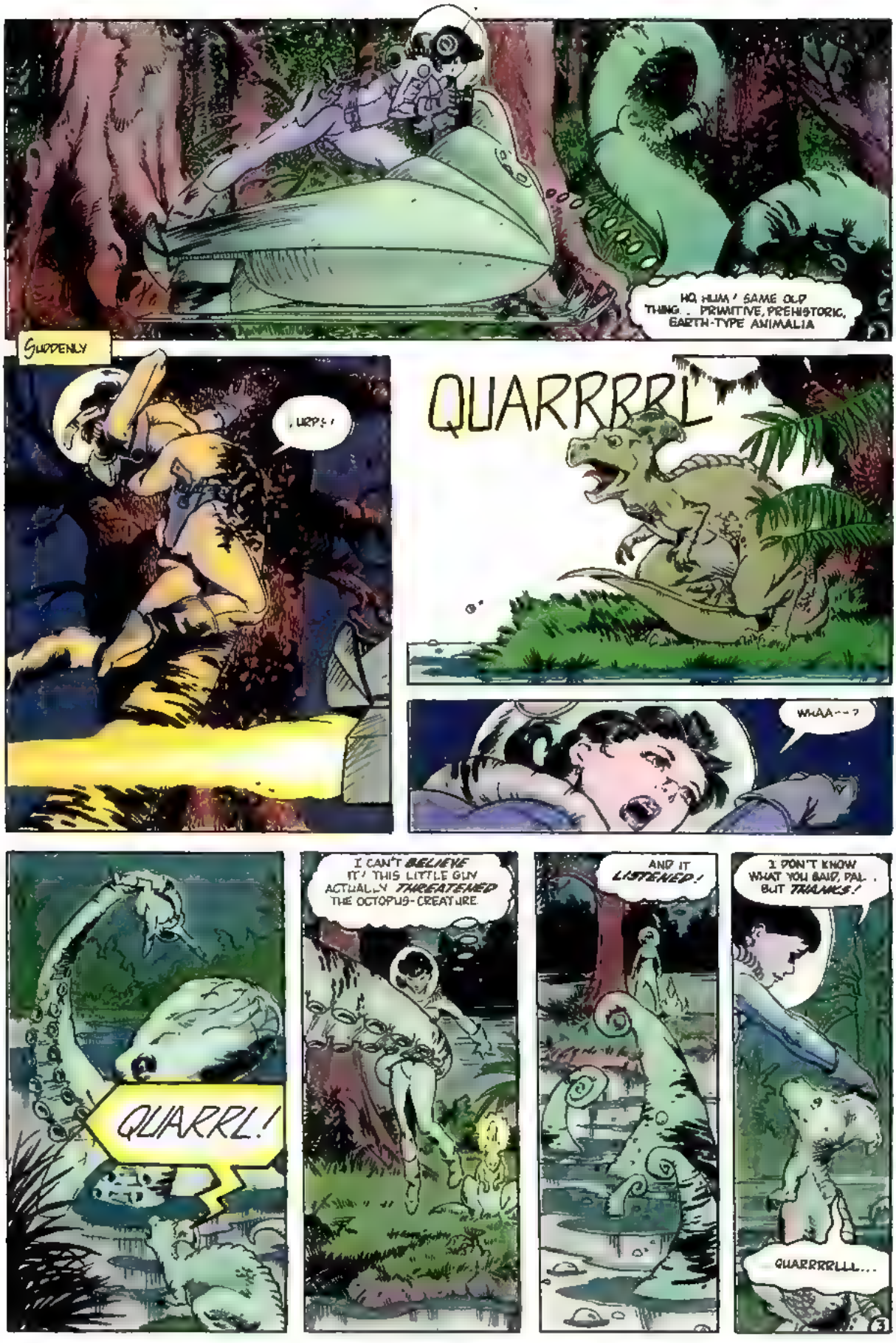

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.
SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK?! HUH?

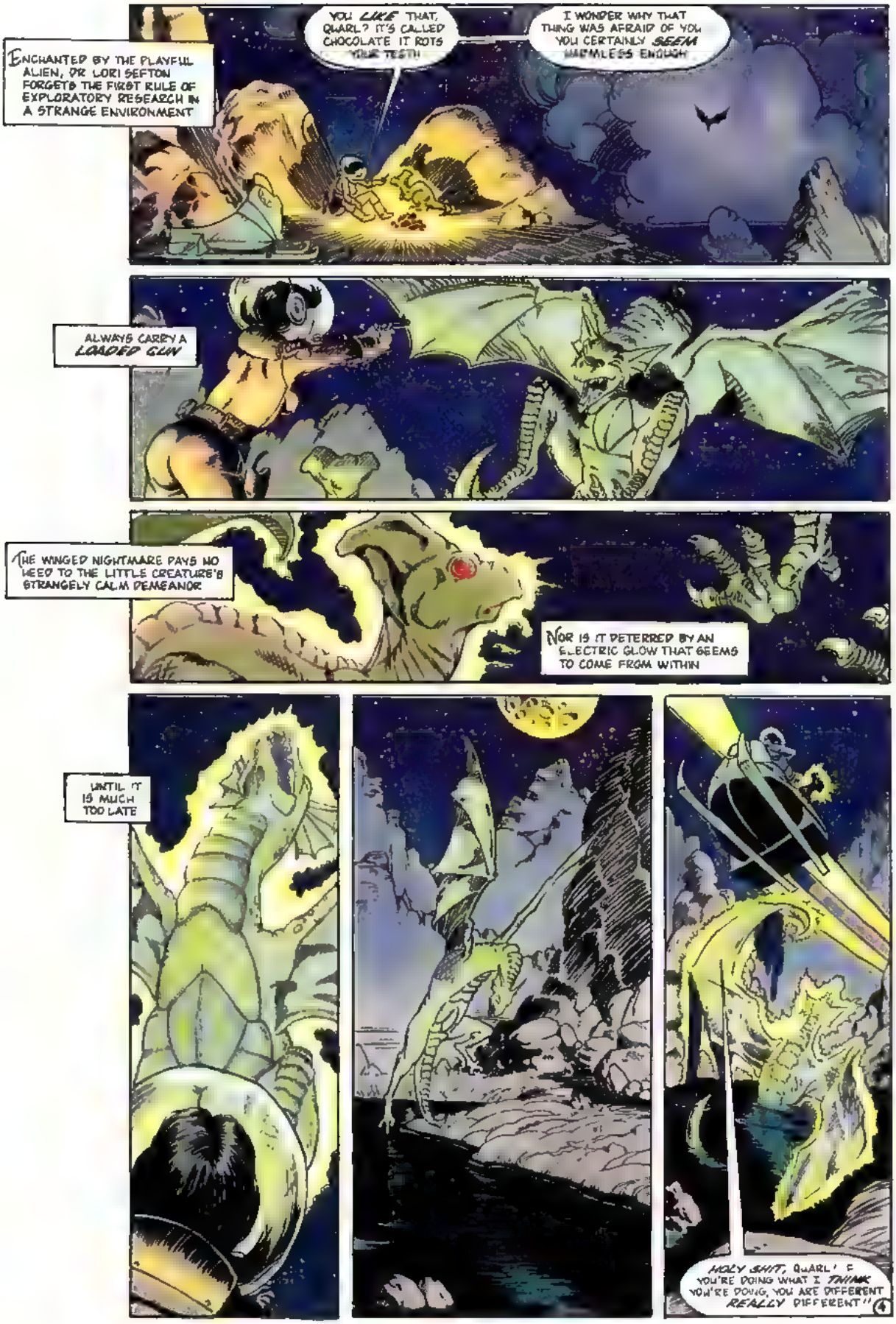

OH, THAT... LET'S SEE
...ROMANEY RAGRAND FLYNN...
HMMMM
JUST DON'T EXPECT A DOWRY, SPORT!
.I GUESS IT HAS A CERTAIN CACOPHONIC RING TO IT!

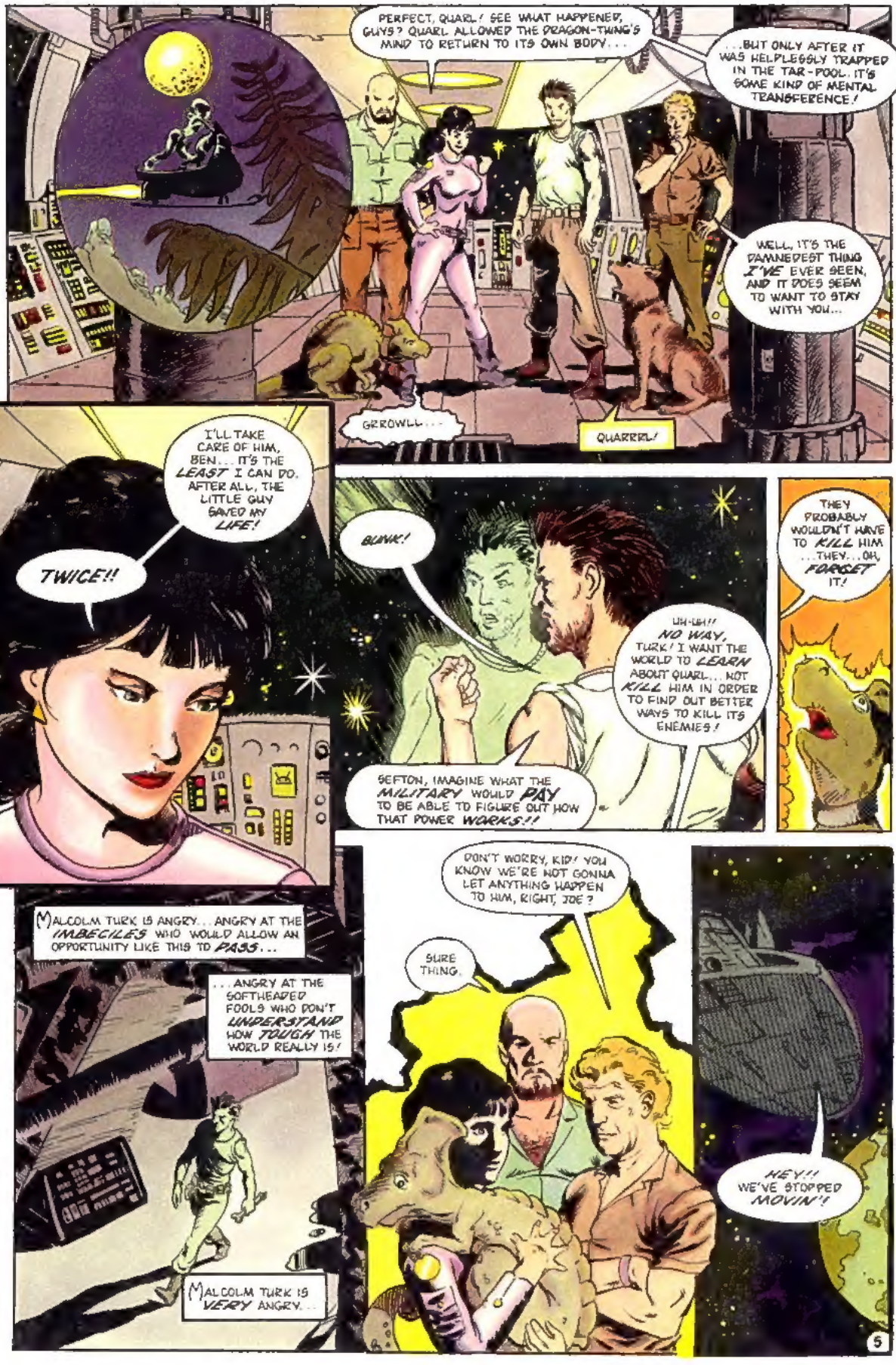
ONE QUESTION
DO YOU LIKE PETS?
;EEEP!!?;
CAN'T STAND EM--
--BUT I'M CRAZY ABOUT MAX!
THE END


CEPHEUS III
Quarl
ONE OF THE SWAMP WORLDS DEEP IN THE ANDROMEDA GALAXY
EVER DWINDLING FUEL SUPPLIES ON EARTH CALL FOR EXTREME MEASURES
PRIVATEER AND INTERGALACTIC OIL RAMROD BEN GERRARD SETS HIS TANKER, THE TRIDENT, DOWN GENTLY AND THE PREPARATIONS FOR DRILLING BEGIN
THE TRIDENT'S PERSONNEL CONSISTS OF CREWMAN JOSEPH SNIDER-- GEOLOGIST AND LASER DRILL OPERATOR. . .
CO-PILOT/ENGINEER MALCOLM TURK
AND LORI SEFTON, SHIP'S DOCTOR/BIOLOGIST
Story and Art/Bo Hampton Coloring/Tom Littlejohn Lettering/Tracy Hampton Editing/Letitia Glozer
I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND BEN
BE BACK BY 22 00, LORI-- PROMPTLY! DON'T MAKE ME COME LOOKING FOR YOU!
RIGHT THANKS!

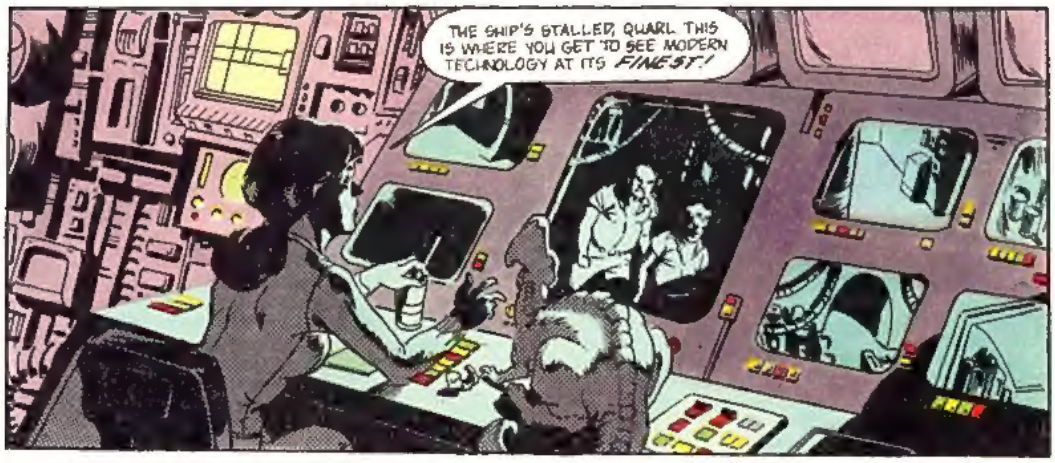

YEAH! AND DON'T BRING BACK ANY STRAYS THIS TIME!!
DAMN THAT TURIC!
ALL THEY THINK ABOUT IS OIL!
D-12
SOMETIMES I WISH I'D BEEN BORN IN THE LAST CENTURY BEFORE HYPER-DRIVE
BEFORE THE DISCOVERY OF LIFE-BEARING PLANETS BECAME SO PASSE!..
I'M REALLY TIRED OF SPUTTERING AROUND FORTY SECTORS OF THE GALAXY IN THIS BROKEN-DOWN TANKER!
I HAVE A CLASS-4 EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL BIOLOGY RATING, DAMMIT.
AND I GET STUCK WITH A LOUSY SHIP'S DOCTOR POST!
I HAVE TO FIND SOMETHING... SOMETHING REALLY DIFFERENT...
SOMETHING THAT'LL TURN A VERY JADED SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY ON ITS COLLECTIVE EAR!!
HOLD EVERYTHING! WHAT'S THAT??


HO HUM! SAME OLD THING. PRIMITIVE, PREHISTORIC, EARTH-TYPE ANIMALIA
SUDDENLY
URP?!
QUARRRRL
WHAA--?
QUARRL!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THIS LITTLE GUY ACTUALLY THREATENED THE OCTOPUS-CREATURE
AND IT LISTENED!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU SAID, PAL. BUT THANKS!
QUARRRRLLL...
3


ENCHANTED BY THE PLAYFUL ALIEN, DR LORI SEFTON FORGETS THE FIRST RULE OF EXPLORATORY RESEARCH IN A STRANGE ENVIRONMENT
YOU LIKE THAT, QUARL? IT'S CALLED CHOCOLATE IT ROTS YOUR TEETH!
I WONDER WHY THAT THING WAS AFRAID OF YOU YOU CERTAINLY SEEM HARMLESS ENOUGH
ALWAYS CARRY A LOADED GUN
THE WINGED NIGHTMARE PAYS NO HEED TO THE LITTLE CREATURE'S STRANGELY CALM DEMEANOR
NOR IS IT DETERRED BY AN ELECTRIC GLOW THAT SEEMS TO COME FROM WITHIN
UNTIL IT IS MUCH TOO LATE
HOLY SHIT, QUARL! IF YOU'RE DOING WHAT I THINK YOU'RE DOING, YOU ARE DIFFERENT REALLY DIFFERENT"
4


PERFECT, QUARL! SEE WHAT HAPPENED, GUYS? QUARL ALLOWED THE DRAGON-THING'S MIND TO RETURN TO ITS OWN BODY...
...BUT ONLY AFTER IT WAS HELPLESSLY TRAPPED IN THE TAR-POOL. IT'S SOME KIND OF MENTAL TRANSFERENCE!
WELL, IT'S THE DAMNEDEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN, AND IT DOES SEEM TO WANT TO STAY WITH YOU...
GRROWLL...
QUARREL!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BEN... IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO. AFTER ALL, THE LITTLE GUY SAVED MY LIFE!
TWICE!!
BLINK!
UH-UH!! NO WAY, TURK! I WANT THE WORLD TO LEARN ABOUT QUARL... NOT KILL HIM IN ORDER TO FIND OUT BETTER WAYS TO KILL ITS ENEMIES!
SEFTON, IMAGINE WHAT THE MILITARY WOULD PAY TO BE ABLE TO FIGURE OUT HOW THAT POWER WORKS!!
THEY PROBABLY WOULDN'T HAVE TO KILL HIM ...THEY... OH, FORGET IT!
MALCOLM TURK IS ANGRY... ANGRY AT THE IMBECILES WHO WOULD ALLOW AN OPPORTUNITY LIKE THIS TO PASS...
...ANGRY AT THE SOFTHEADED FOOLS WHO DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW TOUGH THE WORLD REALLY IS!
MALCOLM TURK IS VERY ANGRY...
DON'T WORRY, KID! YOU KNOW WE'RE NOT GONNA LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HIM, RIGHT, JOE?
SURE THING.
HEY!! WE'VE STOPPED MOVIN'!

Soon...


THE SHIP'S STALLED, QUARL. THIS IS WHERE YOU GET TO SEE MODERN TECHNOLOGY AT ITS FINEST!

SO WHAT HAPPENED, TURK? MECHANICAL OR COMPUTER? WHERE'S THE BURN-OUT?

IN YOUR HEAD.

YOU'RE NEXT, SEFTON.

GOD!! GOD!! HE KILLED THEM!! WE'VE GOT TO HIDE!!
QUARRLLL??

IT MUST BE YOU HE'S AFTER! BUT I'M NOT GONNA LET HIM GET YOU...
ER... JUST STAY, QUARL! STAY RIGHT THERE!
KITTY, KITTY, KITTY...
HERE, KITTY.
COME TO POPPA.
OUT COLD!... I CAN'T JUST MURDER HIM, QUARL... BUT AS LONG AS HE CAN TALK HE'LL TELL EVERYBODY ABOUT YOU AND YOU'LL WIND UP ON A LAB TABLE SOMEWHERE OR WORSE--A CAGE!
AND I CAN'T TAKE YOU BACK TO CEPHEUS III, EITHER...
...THE SHIP IS PROGRAMMED FOR AUTO-RETURN TO EARTH! THERE'S NO WAY I COULD FLY HER MANUALLY!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
YOU UNDERSTAND SOMEHOW, DON'T YOU, QUARL?
...QUARRRRLL...
THOUGHT SO. Y'KNOW, SOMEHOW I DON'T CARE THAT MUCH ABOUT BEING A BIG-SHOT BIOLOGIST ANYMORE
GOOD THE ANESTHETIC'S TAKEN HOLD... NOW FOR HIS VOCAL CHORDS.
BEN AND JOE WERE LIKE BROTHERS TO ME, TURK! YOU'RE JUST LUCKY I DON'T CUT YOUR HEART OUT...

ENTER
DAYS LATER, FOLLOWING QUARANTINE AND DEBRIEFING, THE REMAINING CREW OF THE ILL-FATED TRIDENT IS RELEASED...
ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT CAPTAIN BEN GERRARD AND CREWMAN JOSEPH SNIDER DIED ACCIDENTALLY WHEN THE LAZER-DRILL MALFUNCTIONED...
AND IF CREWMAN TURK, HERE, HADN'T CONTRACTED A SEVERE CASE OF LARYNGITIS, HE WOULD TELL YOU THE SAME THING
THIS IS A CREATURE WE BROUGHT BACK FROM CEPHEUS III.... NOTHING SPECIAL ABOUT HIM, THOUGH
I'VE BEEN AUTHORIZED TO KEEP HIM AS A PET.
HEY! WHAT'S IT DOING?
ISN'T THAT SAD? THE POOR THING CAN'T UTTER A SOUND...
SEEMS IT WAS BORN WITHOUT A VOICE-BOX
YOU WERE JUST GREAT!
QUAARRRLL.
THE END